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The BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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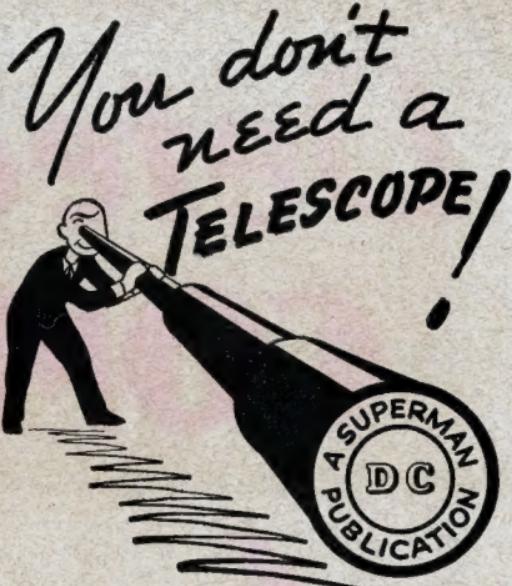
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WHEN YOU'RE  
SHOPPING FOR THE  
**BEST IN COMICS,**  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
FAR TO LOOK!  
IT'S RIGHT UNDER  
YOUR NOSE, ON  
EVERY NEWSSTAND  
—THE **SUPERMAN**  
**DC SYMBOL...** YOUR  
GUARANTEE OF TOP  
ENTERTAINMENT  
IN ADVENTURE  
AND HUMOR!



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

NEW 52 PRINTING

LEAVE IT TO THAT MOCKING MASTER OF MENACE, THE JOKER, TO ADD A NEW WRINKLE TO AN OLD RACKET IN ONE OF THE STRANGEST KIDNAPINGS OF ALL TIME! THE LAUGHING LARCIENIST MAKES A BIG MISTAKE, THOUGH, WHEN HE TRIES TO CHANGE A LIVE BATMAN INTO A DEAD PIGEON! AND BIRDS OF A FEATHER GO TO JAIL TOGETHER WHEN A FIGHTING ROBIN JOINS HIS EMBATTLED COMRADE IN A THRILL-PACKED HUNT FOR... "THE HOUSE THAT WAS HELD FOR RANSOM!"

BOB KANE





Twenty miles north of Gotham, on the east bank of the Kiddiwah River, stands a historic old mansion.

Under its ancient eaves, seven generations of Stickneys have lived and died...

Rarely venturing off his beloved grounds, the last of the Stickneys passes the time tending his dovecotes...



Its present owner, wealthy J. Bullion Stickney, is deeply attached to the house that holds so many memories...



Our story begins with a letter picked up one morning by Dodder, old Stickney's only servant...

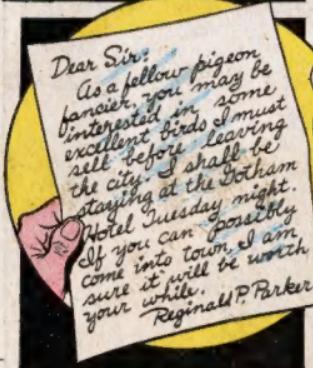
A letter for master Stickney? Mail is a rare thing in this house! I hope it's not bad news!



Humph... can't imagine who would write to me! Well, let's have a look!



Possibly a circular, sir?



REGGIE PARKER: Why he's the greatest pigeon fancier in the east! Dodder, pack the overnight bags! We're leaving for Gotham City this afternoon!

GOTHAM CITY. But, sir—you haven't been that far from the house in years!

TRUE, DODDER, TRUE—BUT YOU KNOW HOW INTERESTED I AM IN PIGEONS? I'M QUITE PREPARED TO ENDURE A NIGHT IN TOWN TO OBTAIN SOME CHOICE SPECIMENS!



BUT THAT EVENING AS STICKNEY AND DODDER ARRIVE AT THE GOTHAM HOTEL, AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE AWAITS THEM ...

REGINALD PARKER? WHAT? NOT REGISTERED? BUT THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!

AMAZING! TRULY AMAZING!

IN ANY CASE, SIR, WELL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT! THERE'S NO TRAIN FOR HOME UNTIL MORNING!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! IF THAT LETTER WAS A HOAX, WHAT WAS THE REASON FOR IT? A QUEER JOKE, I MUST SAY!

A QUEER JOKE INDEED! AND A GRIM ONE, MR. STICKNEY—AS YOU SHALL SOON DISCOVER

THE NEXT MORNING...

HOME AT LAST! MAY I NEVER HAVE TO SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT IN TOWN! AH, WHAT A FINE DAY! SUPPOSE WE WALK TO THE HOUSE.

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION, SIR!

SUDDENLY, THE TWO MEN COME UPON AN AMAZING, A FANTASTIC, A TRULY INCREDIBLE SIGHT!

MR. STICKNEY? ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS? THE HOUSE—IT—IT'S GONE?

GONE! YES! I SEE, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WELL, I DECLARE—WE MUST HAVE COME THE WRONG WAY! I DON'T SEE THE HOUSE!

WE COULDN'T HAVE THE WRONG PATH! THIS IS VERY STRANGE!

IT CAN'T BE TRUE! MY BELOVED HOME, MR. STICKNEY, OF MY DECLINING YEARS! HAVE WE BOTH GONE MAD?

MR. STICKNEY, SIR—A NOTE PINNED ON THIS POST,

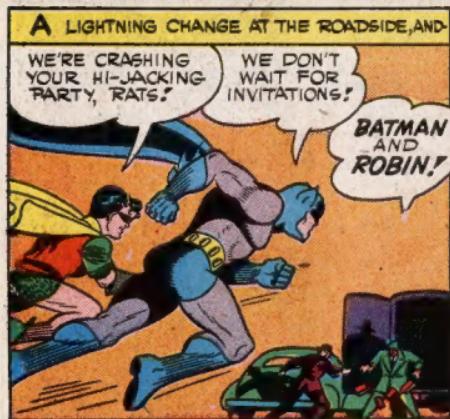
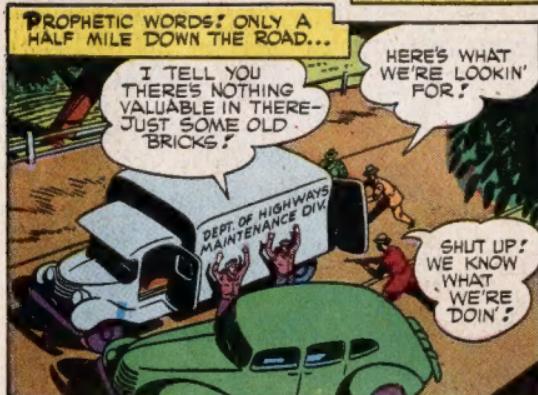
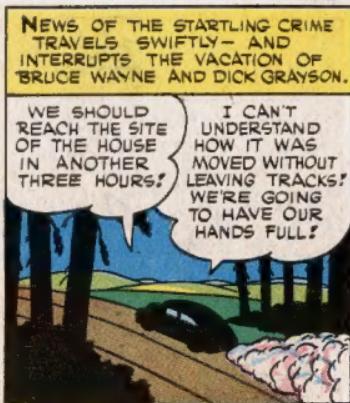
YES, MR. STICKNEY, YOUR PRECIOUS MANSION IS REALLY GONE! WE HAVE MOVED IT TO A SAFE PLACE WHERE WE ARE HOLDING IT FOR RANSOM! AN ORIGINAL IDEA, DON'T YOU THINK? BE SURE TO WATCH THE CLASSIFIED ADS FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS...  
—THE JOKER

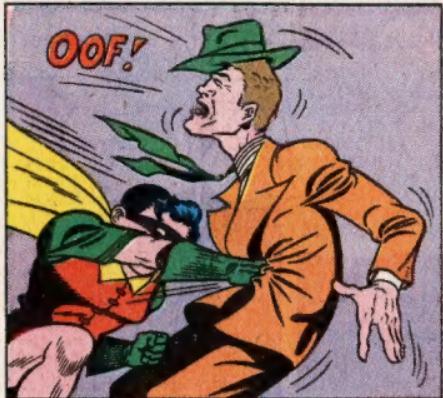


## DETECTIVE COMICS



ONLY A RECLUSE WOULD NOT KNOW THE JOKER, THAT PRINCE OF PRANKSTERS, THAT FIENDISH FUNSTER WHOSE DIABOLICAL CRIMES HAVE SPREAD HIS EVIL FAME ACROSS A CONTINENT AND MADE HIM THE ARCH ENEMY OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN! INDEED, WHAT OTHER BALEFUL BRAIN COULD PLAN SO BOLD A SCHEME AS THIS?





DETECTIVE COMICS

AND PRESENTLY, ARRIVING AT THE SCENE OF THE JOKER'S FANTASTIC CRIME..

I'M CERTAINLY RIGHT GLAD TO SEE YE, BATMAN! IF YOU CAN LOCATE MY HOUSE, SIR, MY GRATITUDE WILL BE UNBOUNDED! IT WAS THE ONE SOLACE OF MY OLD AGE!

YOU SAY YOU'VE GONE OVER EVERY INCH OF GROUND?

WHY, YES! IT'S THE SAME TYPE OF BRICK AS MY CHIMNEYS! BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?

THIS WAS FOUND ON THE STANFORD CREEK BRIDGE. QUICK, SOMEONE GET ME A MAP OF THE RIVER!

THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY TO MOVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT LEAVING TRACES WOULD BE TO FLOAT IT DOWN THE RIVER ON A BARGE!

THAT'S BAD... THE RIVER IS TWO HUNDRED MILES LONG AND BRANCHES OFF INTO HALF A DOZEN CREEKS!

I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE RANSOM DEMAND!

ALAS—MY LOVELY OLD HOUSE WITH ITS OAK RAFTERS, ITS BRICK CHIMNEYS—

BRICK CHIMNEYS? WAIT!

WHEN THE HOUSE PASSED UNDER THAT LOW BRIDGE, THESE BRICKS MUST HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OFF THE CHIMNEY, WHICH MEANS THAT THE HOUSE MUST BE SOMEWHERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT BRIDGE!



WHAT'S MORE—ON THIS MAP THE CREEK IS NOT NAVIGABLE FOR MORE THAN A THOUSAND YARDS PAST THE BRIDGE! THAT'S WHY THOSE CROOKS WANTED THE BRICKS! THEY WERE A TIP-OFF TO THE HIDING PLACE!

IF THE HOUSE IS THERE, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SPOT IT FROM THE AIR, ROBIN!

SO IT'S US FOR THE BATPLANE! THIS TIME WE'VE GOT THE JOKER WHERE WE WANT HIM!



## DETECTIVE COMICS



LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

NO SIGN OF ANYTHING YET! I'M AFRAID THE JOKER HAS THE HOUSE CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED!

WE'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING, BATMAN!



MEANWHILE, IN THE VERY ROOM WHERE OLD STICKNEY USED TO SIT WITH HIS HALLOWED MEMORIES...

HA-HA! SO THE BATMAN GOT THE BRICKS! HA-HA! HA-W!

BUT, JOKER—WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

THE BATMAN MIGHT BUST IN ANY MINUTE, AN' HE SITS THERE AN' LAUGHS!



WHY, YOU MUTTON-HEADS, IT'S A SET-UP! THIS IS OUR ONE CHANCE TO GET RID OF THE BATMAN FOR GOODS. THEN IT'LL BE A CINCH TO COLLECT THE RANSOM! SNOOZER, YOU AND THE BOYS GET THE DOVECOTE DOWN FROM THE ROOF!

OKAY, JOKER! YOU MUST KNOW WHAT YE'RE DOIN'!



SO THE BATMAN MIGHT DROP IN ON US, EH? WELL, WELL, JUST MAKE IT A LITTLE EASIER FOR HIM TO FIND US! HA-HA!

WHAT DEVILISH DEVICE IS THIS SIMPERING SATAN PLANNING NOW? WHAT SINISTER SIGNIFICANCE LURKS BEHIND THE JOKER'S GRIM GUFFAWS?

As the sun sinks in the western sky...

WELL, ROBIN, IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK RATHER HOPELESS...

NOTHING BUT TREES LINING THE BANKS ON BOTH SIDES! BUT WAIT—THOSE PIGEONS FLYING ABOUT DOWN THERE!



PIGEONS—OF COURSE! THE HOUSE MAY BE DIRECTLY BELOW! LOWER THE ROPE LADDER!



GUESS THE JOKER DIDN'T EXPECT HIS CAMOUFLAGE TO GO FOWL!

I STILL CAN'T MAKE OUT THE HOUSE...

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE PIGEONS...



DETECTIVE COMICS





AND BACK AT THE SWAMP...

WHA-! QUICKSAND!  
AND WE'RE SINKING  
FAST! ROBIN!

MM...  
HUH?

DESPERATELY THEY STRUGGLE TO EXTRICATE THEMSELVES — BUT THEIR EFFORTS MERELY SINK THEM DEEPER INTO THE TREACHEROUS SLIME...

IT'S HOPELESS,  
BATMAN... WAIT—I'M GOING  
TO TRY SOMETHING!

FEVERISHLY BATMAN RIPS THE LINING OF HIS CAPE INTO NARROW STRIPS AND KNOTS THEM INTO A MAKESHIFT ROPE — BUT...

MAYBE IF YOU TIE THIS ON... IT'S A PIECE OF BRICK FROM THE STICKNEY CHIMNEY? I HAD IT IN MY POCKET...

IT'S NO USE—THIS CLOTH IS TOO LIGHT TO CARRY THAT FAR...

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, WE'RE LOST!

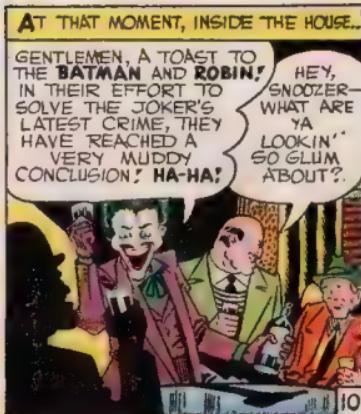
STEEL MUSCLES STRAIN AT THE CRUDE ROPE... SLOWLY, RELUCTANTLY, THE SWAMP GIVES UP ITS VICTIMS...



EXHAUSTED, THE VALIANT HERO PAUSE BRIEFLY TO REST— THEN ...



## DETECTIVE COMICS





# DETECTIVE COMICS



I WUZ JUST T'INKIN' OF DAT POOR LITTLE PIGEON! IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A HEEL!

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU FEEL A LOT WORSE!

DON'T YOU TWO EVER STAY DEAD?

HOSTS !!

OW-I WISH I WUZ SAFE IN JAIL?

THIS IS AN OLD GAG, BUT I CAN'T BE CHOOZY AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

YOUR HOUSE-NAPPING DAYS WILL SOON BE OVER!

NEVER COUNT YOUR JAIL-BIRDS BEFORE THEY'RE CAUGHT! HA-HA!

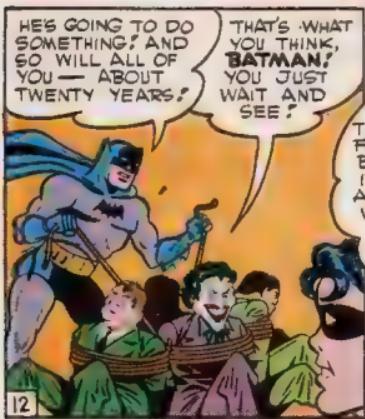
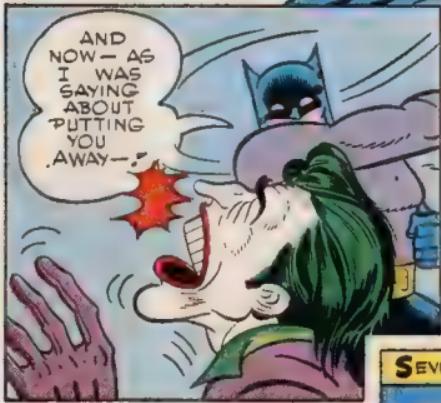
ONCE MORE, THE JOKER IS ON TOP...

YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE THIS TIME!

BUT ONLY TEMPORARILY...!

A RAT WITHOUT A GAT IS JUST A MOUSE!

DETECTIVE COMICS



T' TELL YOU THE TRUTH BOSS -  
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM IN ACTION -  
BUT BOY ! HAVE I SEEN  
HIM EAT WHEATIES !

Roland  
COE



CHAMPION NOURISHMENT IN  
THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES !

"BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

A Product of General Mills, Inc.

BOY ! WILL YOU EAT WHEATIES -- WHEN YOUR APPETITE DISCOVERS THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT EATING. MIGHTY DELICIOUS, TOO. THOSE BIG CRISP-TOASTED FLAKES ARE CHUCK-FULL OF SOLID NOURISHMENT -- JAM-PACKED WITH NUT-SWEET, MALT-RICH FLAVOR THAT CALLS FOR SECOND HELPINGS.

GIVE WHEATIES A TRIAL -- TOMORROW MORNING. GO INTO ACTION WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



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Breakfast of  
Champions® are  
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marks of  
General Mills, Inc.



# SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN BIG-TOWN DETECTIVE SLAM BRADLEY AND SIDE-KICK SHORTY MORGAN RUN INTO A PUZZLING RAILROAD RACKET, THE TRAIN OF EVENTS MOVES SWIFTLY TO A LALLAPALOOZA OF A LAST STOP— AND SLAM AND SHORTY SHOW THAT THEY CAN DO A LOT MORE THAN...

**"SMASH  
YOUR  
BAGGAGE!"**



SLAM  
BRADLEY  
AND  
SHORTY  
MORGAN  
PAUSE  
FOR  
A MOMENT  
IN THE  
LOBBY  
OF THE  
VANDERMORE  
HOTEL...

LOOKS LIKE SNIFFY BOLES, THE BELLHOP, IS DESCRIBING THE FISH-THAT-GOT-AWAY TO ONE OF THE GUESTS!

SNIFFY'S AN OILY ARTICLE—THE LESS ANYONE HAS TO DO WITH HIM THE BETTER!



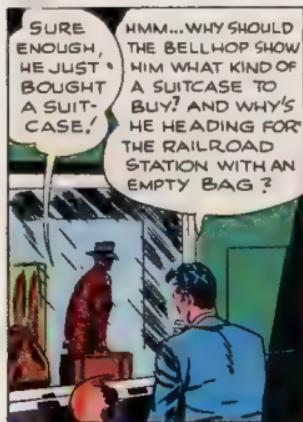
LUGGAGE SHOP

A SUIT-CASE IS MY GUESS, SHORTY.

YOU'RE SO SMART, WHAT DO YOU THINK HE WAS DESCRIBING?



# DETECTIVE COMICS





## DETECTIVE COMICS



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE WAITING ROOM...



WHY... IT'S NOT MY BAG, AFTER ALL! MINE'S GONE... AND WITH IT, THE TIMBER TRACT STIPULATION!



MEANWHILE, IN PURSUIT OF THE LOST BAG...

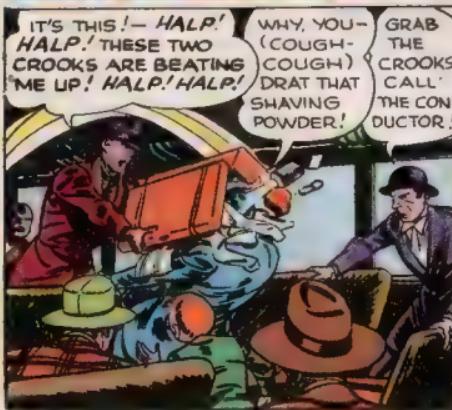


GOSH... LUCKY YOU HAD YOUR EYES OPEN!

SUDDENLY, IN CAR B...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISTER... PICK UP THE WRONG BAG?

PRIVATE GUMSHOES, EH? WELL, I GOT AN ANSWER FER THAT!

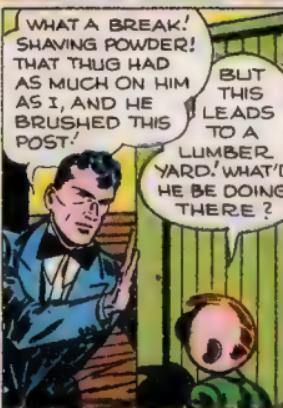


WHY, YOU - (COUGH-COUGH) DRAT THAT SHAVING POWDER!

GRAB THE CROOKS! CALL THE CONDUCTOR!



DETECTIVE COMICS



SUDDENLY...

YOUR LOOKIN'  
STOPS RIGHT HERE!

OH, YEAH?

HERE-YOU GUYS  
OUGHTTA KNOCK  
ON WOOD!

UNEXPECTEDLY...

SLAM!  
LOOK  
OUT!YOU  
MAKE  
SWELL  
AMMU-  
NITION,  
PAL—  
THANKS!

OWUMPH!

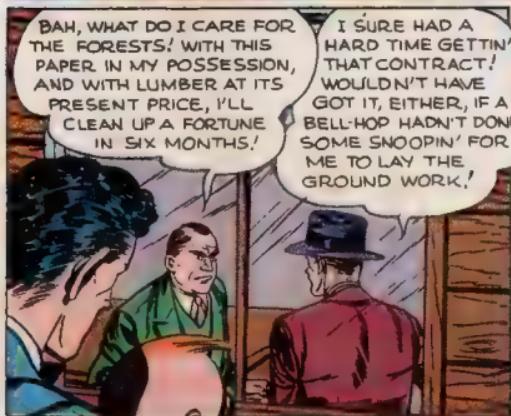
BUT A MOMENT LATER...

DAT'LL LEARN  
YUH T'GIT TOUGH  
WIT' US!AHH!  
AAA!

AND WITH THE RETURN OF CONSCIOUSNESS...

DON'T YA THINK WE SHOULD'A  
TIED THEM GUYS BEFORE WE  
PUT 'EM INTA THE CEMENT  
SACK, MOKE?NAW...THEY'RE  
SAFE LIKE  
THEY AREAND ONCE WE DUMP'EM  
INTA DAT FORTY-FOOT  
FOUNDATION AN' POUR  
CEMENT ON TOP OF 'EM,  
DEY REALLY ARE STUCK!DAT'S WHAT  
DEY GET FER  
HORNIN' IN ON  
OLIE'S BUSINESS!

DETECTIVE COMICS





## DETECTIVE COMICS

- 10 -



**How would you like to read Batman and Robin Every Day?**



BATMAN AND ROBIN APPEAR IN DAILY NEWSPAPER STRIPS AND COLORFUL SUNDAY PAGES IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY! PERHAPS A NEWSPAPER IN YOUR TOWN ALREADY CARRIES THIS SWELL FEATURE. IF SO, WRITE US AND LET US KNOW HOW YOU LIKE IT, AND GIVE US SUGGESTIONS ON HOW WE MIGHT MAKE IT BETTER. BUT IF BATMAN AND ROBIN DOESN'T APPEAR IN A NEWSPAPER IN YOUR TOWN, WRITE TO US SAYING YOU'D LIKE TO SEE IT. IF ENOUGH PALS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN WRITE IN, WE MAY BE ABLE TO ARRANGE FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER TO CARRY THE STRIP!

So it's up to you! Write right away—and tell all your friends to write, too! Address your letter—or a penny postcard—to:

**BATMAN AND ROBIN**  
ROOM 933  
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE  
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



**HEY, LOOK!**  
**WE GOT THESE SWELL  
 U.S. NAVY CRAFT  
 HOT-IRON TRANSFERS  
 AS PRIZES IN  
 KELLOGG'S SHREDDED  
 WHEAT!**

**Hot-iron transfers of aircraft carriers, battleships, destroyers, ducks,  
 PT boats and other Navy Craft, yours as PRIZES. One in every package  
 of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat! Nothing to mail or send in.**

**N**OW you can fix your sweat shirt, jacket, swim suit or gym shirt so that it's the envy of the whole neighborhood! You can cover it with swell pictures of alligators, submarines, cruisers—in action!

**Wear a real snazzy sport shirt!**

All you need are these different-colored hot-iron transfers—you can easily imprint them on any article of clothing with a hot iron. That's

all! The pictures come off clean and sharp. They're long-lasting: won't wash away in soap and water.

You can select one as the secret emblem of your club and have every member of the gang wear it on his sport shirt. Or you can cover your sport shirt with different U. S. Navy Craft.

**Get 'em as a PRIZE!**

And just think—you don't have to send in a thing to get these prizes.

There's one in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat. And, of course, it's no trouble at all to go through a package of *Kellogg's Shredded Wheat fast*. The whole family will love these crunchy toasted biscuits the way *Kellogg's* makes 'em. And they're as good for you as they are good to eat! So, get your package of *Kellogg's Shredded Wheat* today—and start your Navy Craft collection today!

**HERE ARE THE 12 SWELL PRIZES YOU CAN GET!**



LST



U. S. Battleship



U. S. Destroyer



U. S. Heavy Cruiser



LCI



U. S. Escort Carrier



U. S. Submarine



Navy "Duck"



PT



Navy "Alligator"



U. S. Destroyer Escort



U. S. Aircraft Carrier

**Kellogg's  
 SHREDDED  
 WHEAT**

**THERE'S ONE AS A PRIZE  
 IN EVERY PACKAGE**



# LOOK! Free Gifts AND WAR SAVING STAMPS

FOR Popsicle® Fudgicle®  
CREAMSICLE® Bags

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Corp.", and "Save these  
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\*TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

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If any prize you selected is not available, we will substitute a 10c War Saving Stamp for every 50¢ Premium Bag. This offer applies until April 1st, 1944 but is void and not to be honored in any State or locality where reading, tax or insurance thereof is prohibited or where law or license or other restriction is imposed.



Enjoy these swell Frozen Confections On-A-Stick — get these prizes! Save Bags, Pick your Prize. Ask your postman how to mail your bags and letter — address nearest Service Department listed below. Easy, isn't it?

### FOR 50 BAGS or 5c and 25 BAGS

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No. 143 Swirl-A-Tap — New, Different Wood holder — String spinner  
No. 158 Jewelry Clip — Openwork metal reproduction of Old Masterpieces.  
No. 127 Battle Set — each makes 12 boats, tents, planes, field guns, etc.  
No. 130 Buckle Bracelet — Gold-Color Metal — Baked enamel — adjustable.

### FOR 100 BAGS or 10c and 50 BAGS

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### FREE! 10 BAG COUPON

Acceptable toward the redemption of  
any premium listed above. Only one  
coupon may be used for any one  
premium. Valid until April 1st, 1944.

# CRIME'S HENCHMAN

by Ted Loury

**B**RINDQUIST slid cautiously into the dark alley, took a few steps and then listened intently. Then, satisfied that all was clear, that there were no Gestapo agents about, he made his way into the street. Looking at a clock, he realized he'd have to hurry in order to get in before curfew.

He wanted to get back, too, in order to think this terrible thing over that was happening to the underground here in Denmark. Tonight's meeting had been depressing, and only love for their country had kept them from jumping at each other's throat, the eight of them left. Once there had been eleven all key men—the only link between the free world and the German-controlled city of Kar-venger.

Karvenger wasn't big, as cities go. But it was important because it allowed passage into the North Sea. And intrepid Danes somehow managed to get people and information across into Scotland and England. They managed, too, to bring in the cheering information which would keep the Danes fighting.

There was no doubt in Brindquist's mind, as he let himself into his house, that a traitor was among the eight. It had to be one of them, a traitor so clever that he had allowed almost a year to elapse before going into action.

And then with terrifying suddenness, things went wrong. Night escapes were frustrated; saboteurs were caught; messengers were apprehended. Then, only three weeks ago when three key men, members of the Inner Circle, met death in successive weeks, the pattern was only too obvious: a traitor.

It had to be in the Inner

Circle. No one else had such access to the underground workings. But who? Tonight they had tried to decide, and for hours they talked and looked at each other's wan, haggard faces. And then they left, undecided. Each man, like Brindquist, was worried. Did they think it was him? . . . Brindquist asked himself as he took off his coat.

Each man, he supposed, was even now asking of himself the same question. Did his friends, these men he had grown up with, think *him* guilty?

"Good evening, dear." Brindquist kissed his wife, and she, noticing the worried look on his face, asked the reason for the trouble.

Dame Brindquist was a good woman, her golden hair turned prematurely gray since the arrival of the Nazis. And Brindquist, looking at her now, said simply: "We have a traitor in the Inner Circle."

She said nothing for a moment, but the color drained from her cheeks. Brindquist knew what she was thinking: That not one of the remaining eight was safe now—except the traitor! And unless the traitor were caught, all of the eight would soon be dead.

At last Dame Brindquist said, huskily: "You do not know him, Arvid?"

He smiled faintly, shook his head. "Of course I do. But I know him as a friend, and not as a traitor." His teeth worried his lower lip. "Can I think it is Hans Larsen? Or Per Dartin? Or Jan Arsholz?" He shook his head. "I grew up with them all. Mayor Vidin? Hartz Ber-sen? It is incredible that any one of them should be a traitor. If Mayor Vidin hadn't acted with such speed last week, we

might all be facing a firing squad."

Once again, Brindquist shook his head. Bitterly, he added: "We have all lost much. And now I fear, by stopping that bullet last week when he drew the fire of the Gestapo agents on himself, Peter Vidin will limp forever."

Dame Brindquist's eyes were sympathetic. "Oh, I am so sorry. The doctor couldn't help him then?"

"The doctor was killed last week, mysteriously, in bed," Brindquist said curtly. "The Gestapo apparently found out he had been assisting our underground members." A sigh. "They shot him in cold blood because they knew they could force nothing from his lips. He knew nothing, never wanted to know a name, or a face. Just to help."

Brindquist stiffened suddenly. "What's that?"

The noise came from the back door. Dame Brindquist's eyes looked at the clock, then she smiled with relief. "It's young Arvid," she said. "He must have let time slip by and did not notice the curfew time had passed. I'll let him in." Her features tightened. "And give him a piece of my mind." On the way to the kitchen door, she paused, called back. "Your dinner is almost warm. If you'll just be patient."

Brindquist said dully: "I'm not hungry. And I have to get the paper finished for tomorrow night. Say good-night to young Arvid for me."

He wanted to get downstairs into the secret room where he had the makeshift press. In the old days he had been a prosperous newspaper publisher. Now he performed an even more useful service, writing and

printing the underground paper, usually by himself. Only the members of the Inner Circle knew of its location, of the secret way in from the street, through an old coal chute.

The only other door was upstairs, behind a secret panel. Brindquist pushed the button now, and went down. He was glad the paper was almost ready. It was only one page, six columns in size, but the Nazis would pay a high price to stop it.

And Brindquist had vowed they never would. Now, he was not so sure, with that traitor abroad. Listlessly, he walked over and looked at the form. He was glad now that only a few more inches of type remained to fill the page. Tonight, he wanted to think.

He sat down in the chair near the desk. Overhead, the green sheet of light hanging from the ceiling suddenly began to sway.

Brindquist's forehead furrowed. His wife was coming down, determined to make him eat, he thought. He was surprised to notice the agitation on her face. Young Arvid followed behind her. "What's the matter?" Brindquist asked, irritably. Obviously, she couldn't punish Arvid for being out late.

He was wrong. "Didn't you say Mayor Vidin would be wearing a limp forever?" Dame Brindquist asked. "Arvid says he saw him running along the buildings after curfew."

"Impossible," Brindquist said. "He'll always limp. It must have been someone else."

"No, it wasn't," Arvid said stoutly. "I'd know Mayor Vidin, even in the dark. You know how he sort of rolls, when he used to walk without a limp. And I passed him only about ten feet away. I was hurrying home after curfew."

Brindquist passed a hand across his brow. It came off moist, showing the strain under which he was laboring. It could not be true that Mayor Vidin, who had lost everything—position, money, a good home—could be the traitor. He was as

poor as the others, and they knew he suffered more because he had loved wealth and good times.

And yet? A man could change, just as others had changed right here in Scandinavia. In all fairness to the Inner Circle, the matter must be referred to Per Dartin, the head.

A sudden thought caused Brindquist's blood to run cold. But what if Per Dartin were the traitor? Nevertheless, it behooved every man in the Inner Circle to bring any scrap of evidence that might uncover the Nazis' henchman.

"You're sure, Arvid?"

"Yes," the boy said. Then, doubtfully, "I think he even saw me. But then maybe he didn't."

Brindquist bent over and kissed his son. "Your mother will see you to bed." To his wife, he said: "I may be going out in a little while to see Per Dartin."

"I understand," she said softly. "I hope we have found him." To the boy, "Come, son."

But Brindquist didn't go out just then. He sat back in his chair, lost in thought. Fifteen minutes later he got to his feet and went to a drawer of newspaper cuts he had salvaged from his wrecked shop. He selected one of the pictures, held it in his hands a moment, then deposited it face down on the form.

He knew now what he had to do. Wait.

An hour passed, then another. Then he heard the slight noise that marked the opening of the secret door in the old chute. Someone of the Inner Circle members was coming in.

Brindquist held his breath. Who would it be: a friend? Or a traitor?

"Ah, good evening, Arvid."

Mayor Vidin, hand in his pocket, stood before Brindquist. "I dropped in to see how the paper was coming. I also have a few notes I picked up tonight."

There was no fear in Brindquist's eyes. He had thought

everything out. He had waited here, knowing that if Mayor Vidin was the traitor, the latter would show up—if he had seen young Arvid, and knew the boy had seen him running.

If no one had showed up in another hour, Brindquist would have reported to Per Dartin. It had just been a matter of waiting, of putting one's mind in order, of quelling one's fears. And if anything happened to him Brindquist would know his wife understood. Understood why he had given his life.

For Brindquist, too, knew that only one man would leave this room alive. It had to be the traitor. He had to go out, believing he had killed the only man in the Inner Circle who knew his identity.

That is why Brindquist now said: "I know you picked up some notes. Nazi banknotes!"

The Luger, with silencer attached, gleamed in Mayor Vidin's hand. Its snout puffed once, and Brindquist fell to the floor, clutching his stomach.

Mayor Vidin looked down at him, hissed: "I know your wife won't be down here again to-night."

Brindquist's eyes were closed, his body stiffened. With a sneer on his face, Vidin went out as he had come, silently, unobserved, leaving Brindquist for dead.

But he was not dead yet. Brindquist had only a moment to live, he knew it. Blood poured from his mouth as he staggered toward the newspaper form, pushed down the type and placed the cut of the photograph in the space.

The page was filled. Ready to be run off on the morrow. His death, he knew, would not stop its publication.

And when they found his body in the morning, Per Dartin would be summoned. Per would know, as soon as he looked at the finished newspaper form. He would understand why, in the *fifth column*, was placed the picture of Mayor Vidin!

# 'THREE-RING' BINKS

HIYA - HOMBRE! - MEET LARAMIE LUKE - THE LARIAT-LIZARD, JUST IN FROM DEAD CENTER O' THEM THAR WIDE OPEN SPACES, THASS ME, PAL-AN' I'M THE HOOTINEST-TOOTINEST, ROPIN'EST MAVERICK BOTH SIDES O' THE GREAT DIVIDE - HOWZABOUT YOU'LL BRANDIN' ME WITH A RUN O' THE RANGE CONTRACT, AFORE I JUMPS THE CORRAL, POD'NER?

BOOKING-AGENT DE LUXE FOR ALL CIRCUS, CARNIVAL, MOVE OR NIGHT CLUB HEADLINE ACTS.

UNLOOSE ME, YOU CLUMSY COYOTE, OR I'LL SIX-SHOOT YOU ABOVE THE TIMBER-OUT! - THEN SIT Y'SELF DOWN A SPELL AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT "HEMP" HALLOWAY, FROM DOWN TEXAS WAY, A 'PUNCHER' WHO REALLY KNEW THE 'ROPE'S', HE'D SAY "KNOTS" TO YOU!!



- SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO, I'M TOTIN' A LITTLE LAST GASP CARNIVAL ALONG THE FRINGE OF THE MEXICAN BORDER, WHEN ONE DAY WHO BARGES INTO MY OFFICE BUT

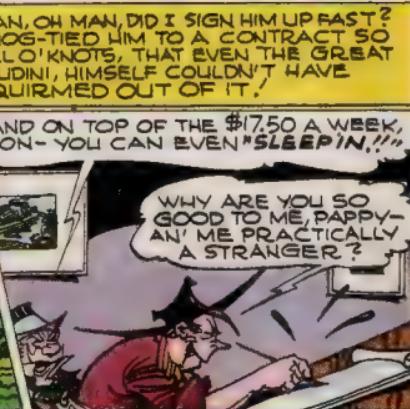
- BUT WHAT WITH THE SHOW BEING ON ITS LAST LEGS, AND ME UP TO MY LAPELS IN DEBT ANYHOW, I FIGURED I'D HUMOR THE STRAY HEIFER, AND TRAILED ALONG OUTSIDE TO WATCH HIM "DO HIS STUFF."

THE PLEASURE'S ALL YOUR'S IN MEETIN' UP WITH ME, STRANGER. I'M "HEMP" HALLOWAY, SUPER-COWMAN, AN' I KIN DO ANYTHING WITH THIS TWIST O' TWINE BUT MAKE IT COOK A MEAL - WANNA SEE ME PROVE IT?

FIRST OFF, PAPPY, I AIM'S TO ROPE THE MIDDLE LEFT ARM OF THAT TELLYGRAF POLE, MAKE A DOUBLE-HITCH IN IT - AN' THEN LET YOU HOLD THIS END AS SNUG AS YOU KIN - AH! - THASS GOT IT!!

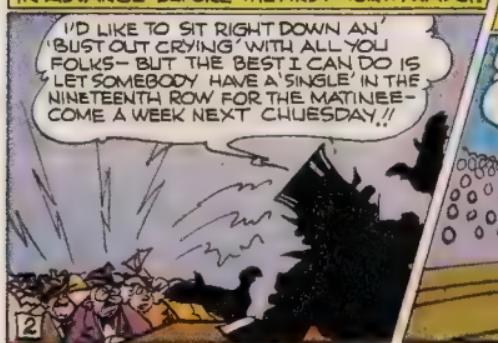


DETECTIVE COMICS



- BUD - HE WAS A BOX-OFFICE RIOT FROM THE VERY FIRST SHOW HE WORKED IN... HE HAD US COMPLETELY 'SOLD OUT' WEEKS IN ADVANCE BEFORE THE FIRST MONTH WAS UP!

- AND INSTEAD OF GOING STALE LIKE SO MANY OTHER PERFORMERS DO - HE ACTUALLY CONTINUED TO IMPROVE HIS ACT EVERY TIME HE...





- WITH THAT HE WALKED TO THE CENTER OF HIS HIGH ROPE - HELD AT ONE END BY AN ASSISTANT - SPRANG UPWARD ABOUT FIVE FEET, AND SHOUTED -



- THE ASSISTANT DID, AND WITH PERFECT TIMING 'HEMP' ALIGHTED ON THE ROPE AGAIN ON ITS DOWN SWING - THEN IN A FLASH, SPRANG UPWARDS AGAIN ..



- FOR FIVE SOLID MINUTES HE SKIPPED THAT ROPE, ALIGHTING WITH HAIR-TRIGGER PRECISION ON EVERY SPLIT-SECOND TWIRL OF THE ROPE, FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE TANBARK. "I FAINTED THREE TIMES WITHOUT TRYING!"



- WELL, SIR, TO SAY THAT HE PANICKED THE AUDIENCE WOULD BE PUTTING IT DOUBLE-MODEST - WE COULDNT GET THEM TO STOP CHEERING TILL COME NEXT DAYBREAK - AND I WAS AFRAID HE'D START ASKING FOR \$19 A WEEK!



WE STUCK STRICTLY TO HIS BISCUITS, THOUGH FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS SOLID - AND I HAD TO ADD AN EXTRA BOX-CAR TO OUR CIRCUS TRAIN JUST TO CARRY THE EXCESS PROFITS -



THEN IT HAPPENED..! WE'D PITCHED OUR TENTS OUT MONTANA WAY, AND WE'RE SO FULL OF MONEY THAT WE'RE TAKING GRADE-A STEERS, IN EXCHANGE FOR BOX SEATS, WHEN 'HEMP' STAYS OFF THE LOT FOR THREE DAYS RUNNING!

BOSS BINKS, THERE'S A CATTLE MAN A-RARIN' OUTSIDE FOR THE RETURN O' HIS TEN HEAD OF LONG-HORNS OR HE AIM'S TO SIEVE YOU NOW - AND HE'S GOT THE ARTILLERY TO DO IT WITH!



DETECTIVE COMICS

-WELL, BUB, I WAS FOLDING UP THE SHOW THAT SAT'DAY AFTERNOON-TO QUIT SHOW BUSINESS COLD N' FOR 'KEEPS', WHEN WHO WHEELS ONTO THE GROUNDS IN A \$12,000 SPECIAL JOB BUT WANDERING 'HEMP' HIMSELF—

TOP O' THE AFTERNOON  
TO YOU, SIR- MY EX-BOSS —  
I WOULD A WORD WITH YOU!



HUSH YOUR PRATTLE PARDNER, MY BROKER WILL COMPENSATE YOU FOR ANY FINANCIAL LOSS THAT MIGHT ACCRUE DUE TO THE DISSOLUTION OF OUR CONTRACT—RIGHT NOW, I FIND IT MUCH MORE MY DUTY TO FURTHER MY COUNTRY'S INTERESTS THAN TO FRITTER AWAY MY TIME IN A PUNCH N' JUDY SHOW. I BID YOU, SIR, A PIP-PIP AND A CHEERIO.



Y'SEE, THEY WERE LAYIN' A NETWORK OF HIGH-TENSION POWER CABLES ALL OVER OUR NORTHWEST SECTION THEN, AND THIS 'HEMP' HALLOWAY, WAS SO FANCY WITH HIS ROPE- TOSSED THAT HE COULD DO THE WORK OF TWENTY LINEMEN, WHICH HE DID, SO HE GOT HIMSELF TWENTY FAT SALARIES EVERY WEEK, AND BY NOW HE'S A —



4

NOW DON'T YOU GO TO 'TAKIN' ON, SO, BROTHER—WE'RE NOW OUT HERE IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES IN OUR TREMENDOUS AND GORGEOUS COUNTRY—AND THERE'S STILL A HEAP O' DEVELOPIN' TO BE DONE YET, NOW HAIN'T THERE?

AND I'D LIKE TO START MY SHARE OF DEVELOPIN' ON YOU RIGHT NOW, YOU COYOTE —

Y'MEAN THAT THAR HORNED TOAD QUIT YOU COLD, IN YOUR MISERIES, LIKE THAT-AFTER ALL YOU'D DID FOR HIM?... WHY, THE UNGRATEFUL SCORPION — WHAT'S HE A-DOIN' NOW, PAPPY?



HEH-HEH-HEH!!  
HEY, WHERE YA HEADIN', CHUM?

WATT'S IT T'YOU, BROTHER?  
—THAT 'CURRENT' LINE O' YOURS 'SHOCKS' ME RIGHT OUT O' MY 'INSULATED' SOX, AND IF I EVER OWE YOU ANYTHING, DEPEND ON IT—I'LL 'CHARGE' IT—  
SO-O-O LONG !!



# Meet a



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# Eat a



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\*8+2=10 1+0=1

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "One", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

### The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"	C-L-U are "3"
D-M-V are "4"	E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"	I-R are "9"

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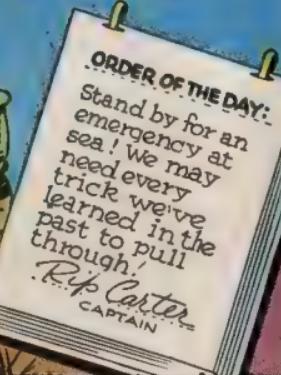
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# The BOY COMMANDOS

"The FLOATING EVIL!"

in



EVIL DOES NOT SPRING INTO EXISTENCE OVERNIGHT... AND FULL GROWN! IT GROWS SLOWLY, PLOT BY PLOT AND STEP BY STEP AND WHEN THE BOY COMMANDOS, LED BY CAPTAIN RIP CARTER, FIND THEMSELVES DRIFTING HELPLESSLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GREAT PACIFIC OCEAN, THE CURRENTS OF THE SEA LEAD THEM TO A STRANGE FLOATING PALACE— AND THE VERY SOURCE OF EVIL!



## DETECTIVE COMICS



DANGER DROPS UNEXPECTEDLY OUT OF THE SKY AS A CONVOY SPEEDS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC...



AND ABOARD ONE OF THE TRANSPORTS...



BULL'S-EYE!

YES-  
BUT HE'S  
DROPPED  
HIS EGGS!

LOOK!  
ZEY ARE  
GOING  
TO HIT!

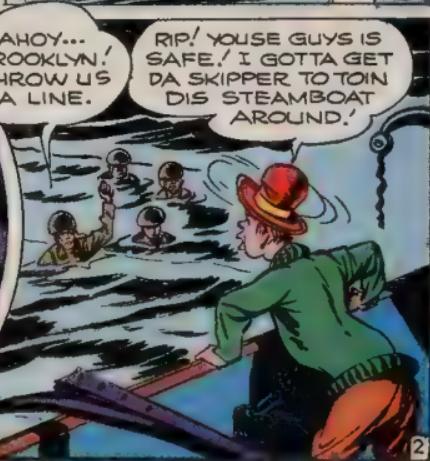
BANG!



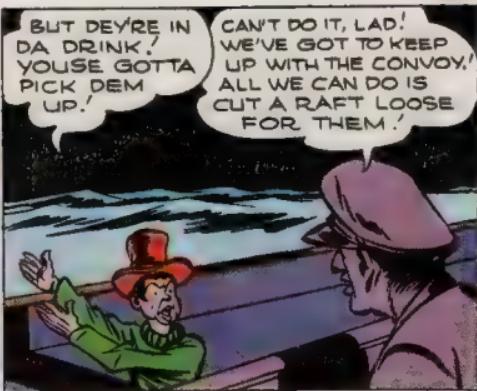
WOT HIT US?  
ME HEAD'S SPIN-  
NING LIKE - WOW!  
WHERE'S RIP?  
AND DA BOYS?

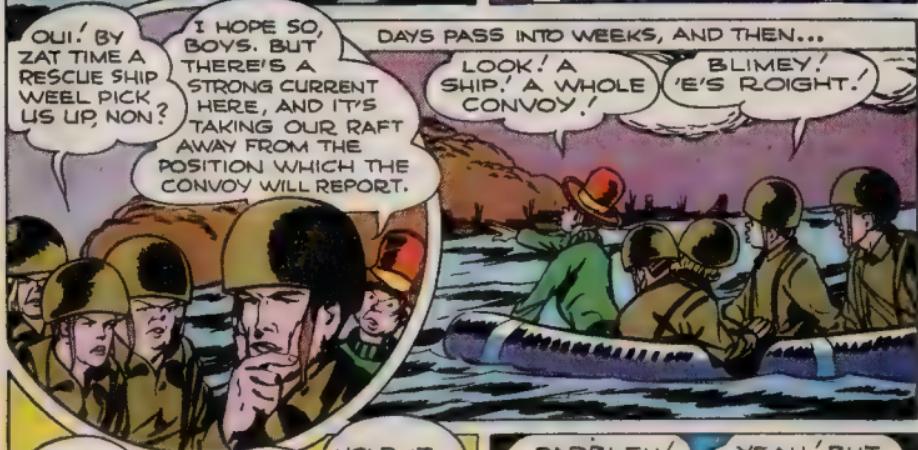
AHOY...  
BROOKLYN!  
THROW US  
A LINE.

RIP! YOUSE GUYS IS  
SAFE! I GOTTA GET  
DA SKIPPER TO TGIN  
DIS STEAMBOAT  
AROUND!



DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

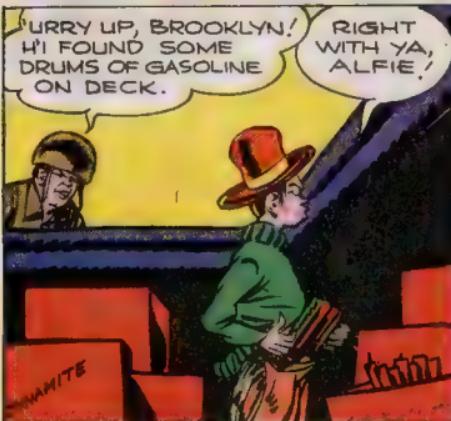
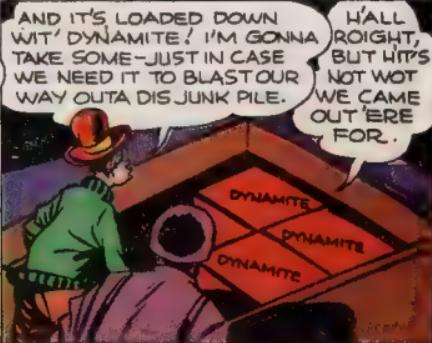
PRESENTLY...

SAY-DIS ONE  
LOOKS LIKE A  
NEW BOAT.

H'LL SVE HIT IS!  
HIT BELONGS TO THE  
BRITISH MERCHANT  
NAVY— A MUNITIONS  
SHIP, NO LESS!

AND IT'S LOADED DOWN  
WIT' DYNAMITE! I'M GONNA  
TAKE SOME—JUST IN CASE  
WE NEED IT TO BLAST OUR  
WAY OUTA DIS JUNK PILE.

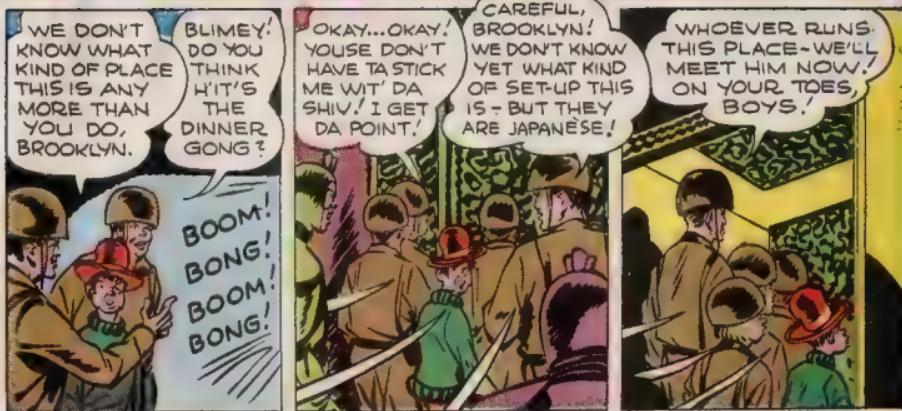
H'LL  
ROIGHT,  
BUT HIPS  
NOT WOT  
WE CAME  
OUT 'ERE  
FOR.



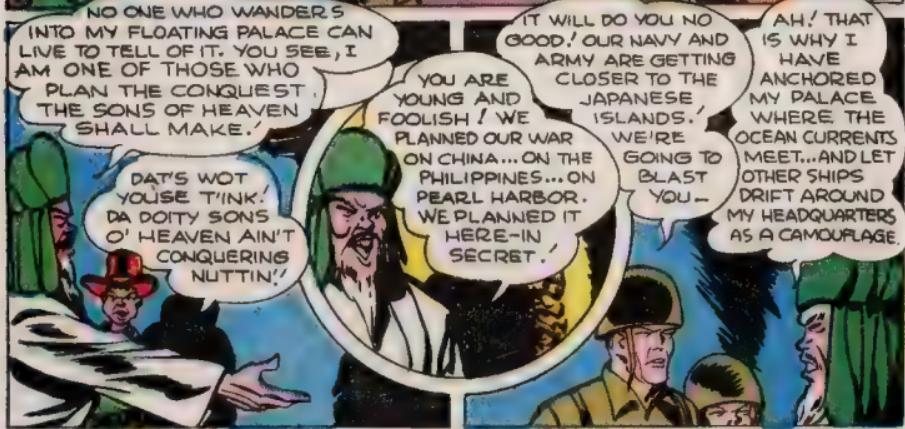
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DETECTIVE COMICS



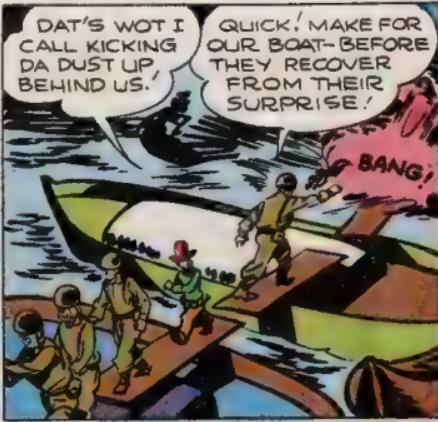
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DETECTIVE COMICS



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Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



DETECTIVE COMICS



# AIR WAVE



UP FOR A LONG STRETCH, TOM TRAINER MAKES FRIENDS FAST. AMONG MICE, IT'S SQUEAK....



AND AMONG RATS, IT'S TERRIBLE.... JERRY PERCY---



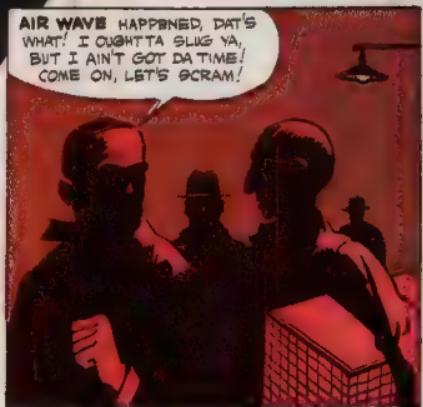




# DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

AND LATER, WHEN AIR WAVE RECOVERS...

TOO BAD THEY GOT AWAY WITH THOSE WATCHES, AIR WAVE!



SOMEBODY STOLE MY JAPANESE WALTZING MICE!

WALTZING MICE? MAYBE THAT'S WHY THE LOOKOUT WAS TOO BUSY TO INTERFERE!



HE WHO STEALS MOUSE, STEALS POSSIBLY STATIC, BUT THOSE WATCHES WERE NO TRASH. WONDER IF I CAN TRACE THE CROOKS THROUGH THEM!

THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS TUNES IN, AVOIDING KNOWN JEWELRY AND WATCH STORES, AND SOON...



AH, A COLLECTION OF WATCHES AT LAST. HOPE THEY'RE THE ONES THE CROOKS STOLE. COME ON, STATIC!



BUT BEFORE Air Wave can bring his fists into action...



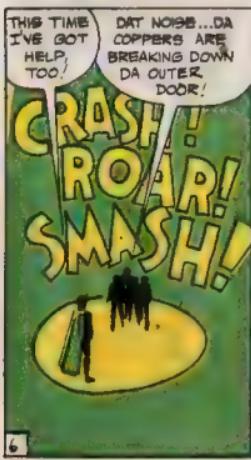
A BLOW FROM A BLACKJACK, AND SOON....

SO LONG, AIR WAVE! FIRST WE'RE GONNA FIND A FENCE TO BUY OUR WATCHES, THEN WE'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR BODY!

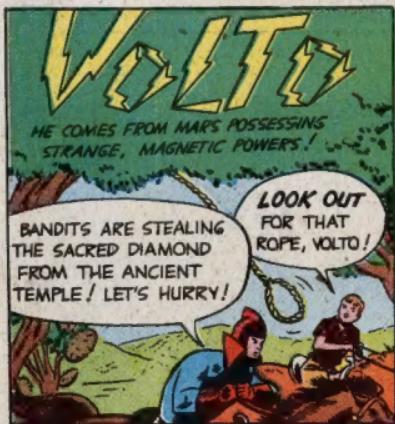
HMM, THEY'VE BOUND ME TIGHTLY... BUT I CAN JUST ABOUT REACH THAT PIECE OF CANDY IN MY BACK POCKET...



DETECTIVE COMICS



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